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PREVENTIVE DISCIPLINE, No. XV.

WE have, in a series of numbers, endeavored to call the attention of our readers, and especially that of teachers, to the paramount importance of *preventive* over *punitive* discipline. Our remarks have been mainly confined to the school room, and to such matters as may properly be called domestic, but it will be seen that teachers and parents are not the only persons who are bound to exert themselves in bringing on the reform. The community has a right to protect itself from every annoyance; but, although it has freed the State from bears and wolves, from eagles and crows, it has offered no bounty, we will not say for the killing of noxious children, but for their restoration to virtue. There can be no doubt, that, if the parents neglect to take such measures as will secure their children from the evil temptations that surround them, the community, whether called a district, a town, or a state, has a right to act in self-defence, and should act at once. What is the use of government, but to promote the good of the whole, against every individual, and that of every individual against the whole.

The State of Massachusetts has, probably, advanced farther than any country on earth in benevolent attempts to prevent vice and crime, irreligion and all injustice; and yet, if we see aright, she has hardly reached the A, B, C, of her duty in this respect. As a state, she has done little but to give legal sanction to the efforts of private beneficence. The State, by its laws, provides for the support of the poor, and so far it does well, and prevents much misery; but how imperfect is the work, so long as no measures are taken to prevent that supply of paupers, which has not failed from the beginning of our New England settlements. It would seem as if the State were more careful to fulfil the

remark of the Great Teacher, which was true of society in his day, but which he never intended for a prophecy, or perpetual decree, "For ye have the poor with you always." If any one pretends that pauperism can not be prevented, it will be sufficient to point him to that remarkable sect among us, the Friends, who, by watching over their members, and by judiciously aiding and encouraging them, have prevented them from ever becoming paupers. Nay, (until the experiment has been tried,) what right has any one to pretend that this community, or any other, cannot save its members from pauperism? We may have, and God forbid that we should not always have, the decrepit, unfortunate, and virtuous poor among us, that our good affections may be exercised and trained; but, few even of these would be found, if men were wise, and it would be no hardship to take care of such. But the mass of our paupers are of a different kind, and these we should not always have with us, if one half that is expended in their support, were expended in preventing the need of it.

It can hardly be expected that the present stock of paupers can all be reformed, and made able and willing to support themselves; but who will deny that much may be done, even for them; while, by due care, the next generation may be prevented from perpetuating the supply. We believe that, if the Common Schools approached any where near their true and just condition, they alone would nearly empty our alms houses and prisons, and keep them empty forever.

Our State Hospital for the Insane is a noble institution, and prevents much misery; but what institution is there to prevent an increasing demand for such hospitals. What has the State ever done to repress those excesses, physical and intellectual, that destroy the balance of the mind. Nothing. So the State Reform School is a noble charity, and necessary as it is beneficent; but it is not all that is required. How much easier it would be for the State to take the young who are exposed to vice and crime, and prevent them from falling, than to take the fallen and lift them up. We trust it will not be long before some Theodore Lyman will provoke the State to establish a Farm School in every County, like that now supported by private munificence in Boston; a school where exposed children may be saved from temptation, and weaned from evil, before the stain of crime is affixed to their souls, and an unfavorable bias matured into an incurable habit.

The professions, like the government, seem all to be working at the wrong end of society. Our lawyers display much ingenuity in rescuing offenders from the punishment provided by the statutes; but the prevention of crime is understood to be no part of their duty. A large proportion of the laws are made to

meet the new cases that cunning and depravity are constantly preparing to task the ingenuity of legislators. The physicians are not engaged in preventing diseases, but in curing them; and yet, who does not see that if their patients paid them half as much to keep them well, as they do to restore them to health, the number of physicians might be greatly reduced, and the health of the community be wonderfully augmented. So the clergy have for centuries been earnestly engaged in converting sinners; whereas, if they had taken one half the pains to prevent sin; if they had laid their hands, as their Master did his, upon the heads of the children, as well as upon those heads which had grown hoary in sin—the number of those “who need no repentance” would have been almost ninety and nine to one. In this respect, the teacher has the advantage of the learned professions, and if the State only did its duty in providing a supply of competent instructors; if it provided for a certain and rigid supervision of the schools, it might repeal laws almost as fast as it now makes them, and, ere long, we should find the lawyers ashamed to pervert justice; the physicians boasting of their well patients, rather than of the number of their sick ones; and the pastors leading the flocks that never went astray, rather than searching in the wilderness for those sheep who never knew the Shepherd, and who prefer any waters to the still ones of the Gospel.

A CALL TO TEACHERS.

[The following earnest and beautiful Circular was lately addressed to the Teachers of Oxford County, in Maine, by Judge Emery, Chairman of the Maine Board of Education, and Member for Oxford County. The best comment upon the Circular is the fact, that about two hundred and fifty Teachers responded to the call, and attended the Teachers' Institute, holden under the direction of the estimable and accomplished Judge. ED.]

TEACHERS OF OXFORD COUNTY! You are, one and all, male and female, cordially invited to attend the Institute. Do you need inducements? Experience has taught you, that the pleasures and advantages are abundantly sufficient. Who, that attended last year, will not hail the return of a like opportunity with pleasure and satisfaction? Who, that met with new friends, and mingled with congenial spirits on that occasion,—that listened to the voice of instruction, and treasured up lessons of wisdom and intelligence for future use, could be induced, from any ordinary considerations, to neglect the golden opportunity?

In addition to mere personal views of this matter, permit me

to say, that your duties and obligations are constantly increasing, as the public become more enlightened on this subject.

PARENTS HAVE NEW CLAIMS UPON YOU. They begin to see, and *to feel*, that their children are as dear to them as their flocks and their herds, and deserve quite as much care at their hands; that moral and intellectual acquisitions constitute a surer dependence than mere money, for a useful and happy life; that just and manly principles of conduct, and enlightened, well furnished intellects, are a far better inheritance, than "broad acres," or ships, or merchandise. When to these views of the subject, is added the idea, that early impressions are seldom effaced, that the consequences of your instructions and example, the boundless future can alone reveal; that the buds of hope under your care and culture are to bloom hereafter, and to bloom forever, you cannot fail to feel the strongest solicitude to discharge your duties faithfully. Parents do well, therefore, in demanding better and higher qualifications in the instructors of their children; and you, who have hitherto met their more moderate demands, must now meet those of a superior description. Will you not, then, avail yourselves of every opportunity to prepare for the work? Will you not seek occasion to become acquainted with all the improvements, and avail yourselves of all the instrumentalities which reason, conscience, and enlightened experience commend, that with good hearts, and well cultivated, richly stored intellects, you may be able to bring forth from your own resources, "things new and old" to bless all within the sphere of your labors?

YOUR COUNTRY, TOO, HAS NEW CLAIMS UPON YOU. Advancement is now the universal cry. The spirit of improvement pervades all classes. The great army of progress in human affairs have enrolled teachers among their number, and you ought to occupy the front rank. Let the interests of the common school feel the influence of this forward movement, especially when you must be satisfied, that all our institutions, scientific and literary, moral and religious, social and political, inestimable as they are to us, exciting the applause and admiration of the world, as they do, depend, in the true and just sense of the terms, ON RIGHT EDUCATION. When this shall be disregarded, all will be lost; the pride and glory of our country will have passed away forever. The elements of her prosperity, of her safety even, are in the hands of instructors. See to it, that you are prepared to do your duty; elevate the school teacher to the patriot, and deserve the reputation, whether the unthinking give it to you or not, of public benefactors.

Need it be added, THE WORLD HAS NEW CLAIMS UPON YOU. It was a noble sentiment of the Roman poet, Terence, "I am a man, and therefore nothing human is indifferent to me." Nor

can it be so to any good man. Can you contemplate the condition of other nations, without recognizing the brotherhood of man, and feeling the emotions of generous sympathy for your race? Because the Pilgrim Fathers brought with them the school and the school master, and left us an inheritance of civil liberty and equality, have we no heart to feel for the down-trodden and the oppressed? Can we forget, that "God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth?" And what has largely contributed to create the difference? Education and the want of it. Think you, that with a knowledge of the principles of liberty and of equal rights, such as are taught daily to the school boy in our favored land, men could be crushed beneath the bloody car of despotism? Education, therefore, universal education is the cause of humanity; and although you are not required to go abroad as missionaries to dispense the blessings of freedom, you are required to enlarge your hearts, liberalize your sentiments, extend your views, examine the subjects and consequences connected with your calling, and do your duty at home. If you are not obliged to battle for liberty, will you not be unwearied in your efforts to improve and perpetuate it? Say not, you have nothing to do in these grave matters. The vast ocean itself is made up of single drops. The faithful and well qualified instructor, in his quiet District School, should consider, that he is adding his contribution to that of others, throughout the world, to make up the vast ocean of human enjoyments and human hopes.

In this noble ministry to the happiness of the world, female teachers have their full share of duties and responsibilities. Formed by nature for the more peaceful walks of life, with minds more exquisitely attuned to the lovely, the beautiful, and the true, they are admirably adapted to bring young minds into harmony with their own. It has nearly grown into a maxim, that no man was ever truly great, who had not a good mother. And was not that good mother, when a child, the pupil of some worthy female teacher? While it is admitted with sorrow, that we have too few good mothers, it should be remembered, that the way to increase their number, and the number of good fathers too, is to place children early under the right kind of female instruction. Let them here, in the fresh morning of life, feel the influence of milder suns and gentler dews. Then comes the voice of instruction, "like the sweet South breathing over a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor;" then hover over the dear loved ones the wings of affection and sympathy; then beams upon them the light of virtue, benevolence, and truth, revealing elements of character, which the practical eye discovers and the skilful hand fashions into forms of symmetry, beauty, and excellence.

FRIENDS: If this invitation, from length, or from any other cause, fail to interest you, come to the Institute and seek for interest and gratification in the instruction it proposes to impart.

STEPHEN EMERY.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE LITTLE CHILD.

BY MARIE BOREAU.

Speak gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who with a trustful, loving heart,
Puts confidence in thee.
Speak not the cold and careless thoughts,
Which time has taught thee well,
Nor breathe one word whose bitter tone
Might seem *distrust* to tell.

O! teach him,—this should be our aim,—
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive, where thickest darkness reigns,
Some radiance to impart;
To spread a peaceful, quiet calm,
Where dwells the noise of strife,—
Thus, doing good, and blessing all,
To spend the whole of life;—

To love, with pure affection deep,
All creatures, great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
For Him who made them all.
Remember, tis no common task
That thus to thee is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The habitant of heaven.

SCHOOL MORALS.—A DIALOGUE.

Teacher. Mary, when your sister answered the last question, and went above Miss Smith, did you whisper the answer to her? I thought I saw you do so.

Mary. I did.

Teacher. Do you think it right that you should do so?

Mary. I did not think much about it. All the girls prompt each other, and I do not see why I should not do as others do.

Teacher. Why did you not prompt Miss Smith, and prevent her from losing her place?

Mary. I do not like her as well as I do sister.

Teacher. Then you did it to punish her, I suppose?

Mary. Not exactly. I did not think of it as a punishment, but I wished to help sister.

Teacher. Do you think your sister is fairly entitled to go up, under such circumstances?

Mary. Why not? Miss Smith missed, and ought to go down.

Teacher. My question is not whether Miss Smith ought to go down, but whether your sister ought to go up.

Mary. If she answered rightly, she ought to go up.

Teacher. Did *she* answer rightly, or did *you* answer for her?

Mary. I thought I had a right to tell my sister her lesson.

Teacher. You had a right to show her how to learn it, but, when the class were reciting, do you think you had a right to do as you did?

Mary. I do not see what difference it makes at what time I gave her the information.

Teacher. Should you think it right for me to tell Miss Smith the answer to some question that your sister had missed, and then to let her go above your sister? I do not see any difference in the cases, except that I should do it openly, and you did it secretly.

Mary. What harm did it do?

Teacher. It did harm in more ways than one. First, it did harm to your sister, for such help would lead her to neglect her lessons another time, and to rely upon your assistance. Then it did harm to Miss Smith, for she lost her place, and was evidently discouraged, for she knew that you prompted your sister, but she was too noble to expose you, and save her place.

Mary. Did she tell you of it?

Teacher. Not till I asked her the question directly. You know I thought I saw you do it.

Mary. She is a mean tell-tale, then.

Teacher. By no means. A child who is required to give information, necessary to enable the teacher to do justice, is not a tell-tale, but a witness. One who voluntarily and officiously gives information against her companions, is a tell-tale.

Mary. I would die before I would tell tales.

Teacher. Let us not wander from the point. Allowing that Miss Smith did tell me, do you really think it worse for her to expose a wrong she supposed to be done to her, than for you to do that wrong? Besides, if it was right for you to tell your sister, how can it be wrong for Miss Smith to tell me, or any one else, that you did so?

Mary. Well, it was no great harm. I had as lief get down as not.

Teacher. Perhaps Miss Smith feels otherwise. I know she is ambitious to keep at the head of the class, for her aunt has, I

think injudiciously, promised her a reward if she keeps there. But, besides the harm done to your sister and to Miss Smith, you did some harm to me, by leading me to do what I considered an act of injustice to Miss Smith. It is painful, too, for me to have to complain of you in this manner, for I have never before had reason to censure you.

Mary. My dear teacher, I may as well own that my conduct has led me to do harm to myself also, for I have tried to defend conduct that I knew was wrong. I blushed when I saw that you noticed my speaking to sister, and I have felt degraded in my own estimation ever since, because I knew I must be degraded in yours.

Teacher. I never thought you could long approve of your conduct, Mary; but, what shall be done to set the matter right?

Mary. I will confess before the whole class how mean I was, and I think my disgrace will be a lesson they will not easily forget.

Teacher. I do not require this, since you are penitent. You may tell your sister to resume her place, and as no one but Miss Smith knows of your fault, you may acknowledge it to her, but I do not think any unnecessary exposure can be of any service. On a suitable occasion I shall introduce the subject of *prompting* to the notice of the class, and I have no doubt there will be but one opinion upon it.

COMMON SENSE.

She came among the glittering crowd,
A maiden fair without pretence,
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly, "*Common Sense.*"

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather,—
And when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long, and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn,—
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And *Common Sense* should stay at home,
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

[Continued from page 318.]

It may be well to repeat that these stories, most of which are original, are intended to be read to young classes, who are to be required to write them afterwards in their own language. Some teachers use them afterwards as reading lessons.

THE ANGEL.

An angel once walked by the side of a beautiful lake, whose water was so quiet that it reflected the sky, and looked like heaven. He was delighted, and thought he would stay there, and not go back to heaven. But suddenly the wind blew, the waves arose, and the surface of the lake was so rough, that the angel ascended to the sky, saying that a heaven which could be so easily changed, was no fit place for men or angels.

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

One cold winter, when the ground was so covered with snow that the little birds could not find any thing to eat, the little daughter of a miserly rich man gathered up all the crumbs she could find, and was going to carry them out and scatter them on the snow. Her father saw her, and asked her what she was going to do. She told him, and he said, "What good will it do? the crumbs will not be enough to feed one in a hundred of the birds." "I know it, dear father," said she, "but I shall be glad to save even one in a hundred of them, if I cannot save them all." The father thought a moment; he knew that many poor persons were suffering in his village, and he had refused to help any, because he could not help them all. His conscience struck him, and he told his little daughter to break a loaf of bread into crumbs for the birds, while he went to scatter a purse of money among the poor villagers.

THE BLIND AND THE MUTE.

A deaf and dumb man, and a blind man, were once left in a forest by their friends, that they might be destroyed by wild beasts. The deaf and dumb man made signs which the blind man could not see, and the blind man asked questions which the other could not hear. The dumb man at last determined to follow the sun till he got out of the forest. But, when the sun set, he lost his way. Then the blind man undertook to guide him, for he had felt how the wind blew while the sun was up, and he kept on in the same direction, till they got out of the forest and were saved.

"THE TEACHER."—WM. G. CROSBY.

The teacher owes it to the children entrusted to his care that he be qualified for his vocation. Look, for a moment, at the relation which he sustains to them. He is, for the time being, in the place of the parent, and upon him devolves the parent's duties and obligations. It is true, in a limited sense, that the department assigned to him in the great field of human culture, is the intellect; but it is as true, that his work is but imperfectly performed, if it does not embrace within the sphere of its operations the physical, social, and moral culture of the child. The care of the manners, the mind, the heart of that child, is transferred for a season from its natural guardians to him. It is a trust which he voluntarily assumes. He is bound then, by obligations as solemn as those which rest upon the parent, to perform it faithfully. In the work of education, the teacher, of his own accord, becomes a fellow-laborer; yes, more; he assumes the burthen which, judging from results, the parent, too often, has not the moral or intellectual strength to bear. There is not left for him that shadow of an apology which is sometimes offered for parental neglect, that the physical necessities of their children engross so large a portion of their time and thoughts, that they have none of either to devote to their mental and moral culture. Every argument, then, which can be adduced in proof of the parent's obligations, applies with equal force to the teacher.

And what are those obligations? Man knows none higher,—Omniscience has imposed none weightier! The shaping of a mind! The forming of a character! The planting of a seed, whose flower is of time,—whose fruit is of eternity. The erection of a structure, whose base is on the earth,—whose cap-stone in the skies! This, and nothing less than this, is the work of him who undertakes to teach a little child! Fraught as it is with such momentous consequences, is it not a duty which he owes to that child that he be a skilful workman?—that he understand well the nature of the material which he undertakes to mould and fashion?—that the seed he sows be of the right kind and wisely scattered?—that the building he erects be fitly framed and jointed?

The man of mature years, whose civil rights are invaded, seeks redress through the agency of the legal adviser of his own selection; if disease attacks his bodily system, the remedy is administered by the physician of his own choice; and if he suffers detriment through the unskillfulness or unfaithfulness of either, he cannot escape the conviction that the fault is, partially at least, attributable to his own lack of discrimination. The

lawyer, the physician, each has his own moral and legal responsibilities, but their employer is not thereby relieved from his responsibility to himself. But how is it with the teacher and those to whose moral and intellectual wants he undertakes to minister,—the children entrusted to his care? They have no voice in his selection. Helpless, defenceless against the danger to which they are all unconsciously exposed, they are entrusted to his guidance, and whether his ministrations be for good or evil, no measure of responsibility attaches to them. He is made, by the position which he occupies, the object of their most implicit confidence. The teachings of the master are to them the law; and the harpings of the prophets never sank deeper into listening hearts, nor left there an impression more abiding, than do his words and acts in theirs. The confidence of childhood! That feature of earth which most resembles heaven! How *can* man betray it!—and yet how basely is it betrayed by the unfaithful teacher!

Shrinking under a deep sense of the responsibility resting upon him, the teacher may, perhaps, urge as an apology for his deficiencies, that the pecuniary inducement is too trifling to justify the outlay which he must necessarily incur in qualifying himself for the discharge of the duties of his calling. To the full benefit of this apology he would be entitled in a controversy with his employers merely. But, in the full exercise of an enlightened conscience, it must fail him, when he reflects upon the character and position of those with whom he has most to deal,—that they are the mere passive recipients, and neither principals nor accessaries in the employment of his services;—that while his obligations to his employers may simply be that he will serve them to the extent of his legal qualifications, his obligations to their children are the highest which man can owe to his fellow being. He may, perhaps, solace himself with the reflection that the period of his intercourse with them is but brief, and that although, with his best directed efforts, he may do them but little good, he yet does them no positive harm. But is he sure of that? Is he sure that the impress of his own imperfections will not unconsciously be stamped upon the minds and hearts of those young beings? Is he sure that his own mental and moral deformities will not be reproduced in them? That his sins of omission will not be visited upon them? Let him calmly, deliberately re-peruse the history of his own life, and with an honest heart declare how many of the passages there written, although traced by his own hand, are the dictates of another's mind. Let him call up, from its dim sepulchre, the buried Past, and question it. It shall point him to the hour, the place, when and where, a single act, a word, cast over the disk of his childhood a light which still

illumines his pathway, or left there a shade which the lapse of time has only deepened and darkened. It is indeed a fearful hazard which the teacher runs! He deals with the offspring of a day, pregnant with the issues of ages! He is writing upon a tablet lessons which the angels shall read!

To be well qualified for his vocation, is a duty which the teacher owes to himself, as a man, as a teacher, and as a morally accountable being. He owes it to himself as a *man*; not merely as a morally responsible agent, but as a man among men; as he would be respected by himself and others, but more especially as he would be respected by himself. Self-respect is absolutely essential to individual happiness and usefulness. Without it, man's nobler energies are but imperfectly developed. The teacher cannot claim to be exempted from the common lot of humanity. If he would attain to that degree of happiness which every man does, that usefulness which every man should desire, he must respect himself. The effort to attain either will be in vain, unless he is sustained by the consciousness that he is filling honorably and creditably the station he occupies. He owes it to himself as a *teacher*. Upon the same principle that every man should practise as he preaches, — should lead a life in conformity with his profession; — the man who professes to be a teacher should know how and what to teach. He owes it to himself as a *morally accountable being*. Tried by the standard of that Gospel in whose light we all rejoice, what is the measure of the teacher's accountability? To whom much is given, of him shall much be required. To him is given, for a season, the training of intellects which, under his guidance, may prove a blessing or a curse. To him is given the control of the precious hours of childhood and its golden opportunities which, once passed, never return. To him is given the moulding, the direction of undying affections. In the language of a distinguished teacher, "the schoolmaster speaks, writes, teaches, paints for eternity!" If faithful, then, how great his reward! Time may foreshadow it, — eternity alone can reveal it! If it be true that, in the far off ages of existence, *another* book shall be opened, in which the spirit-eye shall read the history of the past, with what a solemn sense of his accountability, of the magnitude of the trust confided to him, should the teacher of childhood be impressed! Who can foresee the lights and shadows which will rest upon the field of his labors! What tongue shall foretell the fatal issues of his neglect, the blessed fruits of his fidelity! Or whether the voice which hereafter shall speak to him from the abyss of the centuries, shall utter the language of blessing or reproach!

To qualify himself for the discharge of its duties, is a debt

which the teacher owes to his profession. It is so, because there is an implied moral obligation that no man shall disgrace the calling to which he attaches himself; but, on the contrary, shall do all that lies in his power to dignify it. It is so, because every man should be engaged in some respectable calling, and that calling cannot be respectable or respected, whose ranks are crowded with unworthy members. It is so, because it is the only mode in which the claim of the teacher to ampler remuneration can be sustained. It is so, because it is an honorable profession and is entitled to such a return for the honor it confers. There was a time when the supremacy of the teacher was felt and acknowledged; and in every age, some of the brightest lights of mankind have poured the full blaze of intellect over the quiet and unobtrusive scene of their labors,—the village school-room. In justice to the memory of an Ascham, a Milton, an Arnold, and a host of lesser lights, “men who have taught the world to think,” and whose works live after them, should the teachers of this and every coming age strive to adorn and dignify the profession which they hallowed with their lives.

CHILDREN AT CHURCH—DICKENS.

The following natural description of a child's experience at church, may supply food for thought, and lead to the inquiry, whether something can not be done to make our churches less irksome to the young:—

“Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen — and *is* seen many times during the morning's service by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at the clergyman, — I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire, — and what am I to do? It is a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but *she* pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and *he* makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep, — I don't mean a sinner, but a mutton, — half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that, if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of

me then! I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain, and if so, how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit, and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up, and from seeming to hear the clergyman sing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty."

THE DISCIPLINE OF LOVE.

But do you ask what attraction these Ragged Schools can possess in the eyes of such beings? what means are employed to induce them to return to school regularly? *There are no other means than kindness and patience.* It is by the sole power of charity, of love, that these poor creatures are led to be assiduous and attentive. The generous teachers, who devote themselves to this self-denying work, consecrating to it generally the time which they need for rest, deport themselves with so much kindness, and reply with so much mildness and patience to the language of these unfortunate beings, which is often very gross, that they succeed in making themselves tenderly beloved by them. One of the young female teachers was once speaking of God and his providence to the children who surrounded her, when she was interrupted by a little girl, who said "I don't care about God; I don't love him, and I don't love you!" A cry of reprobation arose among her companions; who said they loved their mistress, and would divide their bread with her. "And would not *you* do the same with me?" said the teacher addressing the child. "No," she replied, "Indeed!" added the young woman gently, "I should be happy to divide my bread with you, and if you do not love me, I love you, for, every day, I come a long way to instruct you." The child could not resist these kind words, and immediately gave the sincerest proofs of attachment.

This is one example, and we might cite a thousand. But the best proof that we could give of the efficacy of the system is the fact, that during the few years that the Ragged Schools have existed in London, their number has increased to 80; that of the voluntary teachers to 5000, and the number of the scholars to 30,000!

Now you may still ask what is the aim of these schools. It is to open these minds at least a little to reflection, to what is beautiful and good. In fact these beings are neglected of nature and man. They are born, for the most part, in the streets; they know no other place of birth. Their mothers have given them nothing but life,—a painful present which they only know by cold and hunger. They live only upon the crumbs that fall into the mire, in which they trail themselves in search of food. They learn nothing but vice. They have no respect, no love, nor faith in their hearts. They are as ignorant of God as of their own mothers. Oh! they are indeed the abandoned of society; for every thing is at waste with them—the body, mind and heart. Well, in this situation, they enter the Ragged Schools. They hear the voice of singing; this in itself is something for the heart. Then they are spoken to kindly. Perhaps it is the first time that they ever heard a loving and gentle word addressed to them; the first time they were ever smiled upon; perhaps the first that they ever conceived that they had a heart which could love and be loved. And think you that they will not come again? that they will remain deaf to those voices which say to them, “come to us all you whom the world casts out, and we will love you.” Oh yes, they will come again. Then they are taught to read, and to understand what they read. Here is something for the mind. Then when they have been attentive and studious, a blue ticket is given them; and when they have received twelve of these tickets, they exchange them for a white one, and when again they have obtained twelve of these white tickets, a suit of clothes is given them. Here is something for the body. This is doubtless a small result; it is a small consolation for so many miseries; but still it is enough to show these beings that there is somebody in the world who cares for them. It is a proof that they are not absolutely alone and forgotten. And besides, these are not the only fruits of so much devotion and effort. It often happens that the poor unfortunate victims of debauchery come, with their faces bathed in tears, to entreat these pure and gentle young female teachers to instruct them in the means of becoming again respectable and respected like them. Then they are encouraged, and are placed in asylums, where care is taken of them; and in a few years they come, in their turn, to the Ragged Schools, with book in hand, to impart to others the benefits which they have received.

ERNEST LACAN, in the “Christian Citizen.”

Paris, Oct. 1849.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

A correspondent wishes us to ask the teachers how they will parse the words *silver*, *gold* and *none*, in the sentence, "Silver and gold have I none." We shall be happy to hear from our friends on the subject; and, moreover shall be glad to receive any questions touching the difficulties of English Grammar, or any *remittance* that will render the above remark of the apostle less applicable to our own case.

ERRATA.

We regret to say that Numbers 21 and 22 were printed without our seeing the *proofs*, and we have to deplore the numerous errors that escaped. Our first impulse was to give a list of the errors to be corrected, but then it occurred to us that every reader would attribute them to accident, and would be able to correct them without our assistance. Two mistakes, however, in which the printer undertook to set the *copy* right, must be mentioned, lest we should seem to authorize his errors. The titles, "A Certificate no Proof *for* Competency," and "Corporeal Punishment" in No. 21, should read, "No proof *of* Competency" and "Corporal." As it is always wise to extract good from evil, we recommend to teachers to exercise the skill of their pupils in discovering the errors, especially those of No. 21; no exercise can do them more good. The numbers were printed and distributed while we were absent, or we should have suppressed them. We trust no such neglect will again occur. Our tour in Maine has been very pleasant to ourselves, and we trust not unprofitable to the thousand teachers whom we have had the pleasure and the honor to instruct. In some future number we may give some account of the progress of popular education in that promising State.

OUTLINE MAPS.

Teachers and committees will please to bear in mind that our Series of Eight Outline Maps, on cloth, beautifully colored, with the Key, costs only Four Dollars.

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☞ Must the Schools go another year without them?

☞ All Communications, Newspapers, and Periodicals, for the Journal, should be addressed to Wm. B. Fowle, Editor, West Newton.

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